



gals.

# The D...s Hue and Cry after an Old Turnip Man:

August. 1719.



**O**! YES, O! YES, if any Man or Woman,  
Or little Boy, or little Girl, or no Man,  
That is to say, a Taylor, can give Tidings  
In City, Country, Town, or Yorkshire Ridings,  
Of one that is not long since gone away,  
To do Great Matters, as some People say.  
'Tis true, his Children starve not; but what then?  
They live upon the Charge of other Men,  
Not bound to keep them, since that they may work,  
Being as lusty as a brawny Turk.  
For Idleness the Root is of all Evil,  
And that you'll say in England is the Devil;  
Nay often makes some Fellows to complain  
In those dull stories written by Lorrain.

But now you'll say, how can this Turnip-Man  
Be found, and brought to us, unless I can  
Describe his Person; therefore all whose are,  
Pray lend unto what I shall say an Ear;  
If Ears you have, for all Men sure not be  
Bereav'd of 'em, like some for Villany;  
Viz. Burton, Bawtick, Prynne, who liv'd in Times,  
Wher Kings lampooning were not reckon'd Crimes  
King Charles the First how grossly they abus'd,  
And's Royal Confort openly misus'd,  
But letting sacred Kings and Queens alone,  
Who lawfully ascend their rightful Throne,  
We'll to the Turnip-Man return again,  
Let him be fled to Muscovy or Spain,  
And tho' he's there, or any where on Ground,  
We'll have the Don if he is to be found;  
So then to tell, sirs, each peculiar Mark,  
And other Circumstances, to me heark;  
When first he rambled up to London Town,  
The Fellow really was not worth a Crown,

But very soon his Trading was so good,  
Because most People with his Turnips wou'd  
Be only pleas'd, he then wou'd pick and chose  
What Customers he lik'd with his Nooze.  
But it's a Proverb ever held for true,  
And what our Fore-fathers all ever knew,  
That a new Broom at first will sweep most clean,  
Except in Places where no Broom are seen.

These are his Circumstances, now let Mark  
To blazon forth, my nimble Pen embarks;  
To meet him, you perhaps might really take  
The honest Turnip-Man did Lanthorns make  
Because he always has about him Horns,  
A Sort of Goods no Man in London fears,  
Because the Wives of Citizens delight (Right  
In what their Lightness thinks their Hu bands  
But if our Turnip man's a Cuckold made,  
Of Hornifying he is not afraid,  
For, other Men to bring in Cuckolds Row,  
He'll oftentimes himself a whoring go,  
As all his Neighbours very often say,  
Who live at Chelsea, Fulham, and the way,  
Ye go to Wadham, or to Parsons-Green,  
Where some tit Bits of Females may be seen.

But now for the Reward we are to give  
For this same Turnip-Man, if he does live;  
For if he's dead, then there's a happy End,  
Of him, who ne'er was yet a good Man's Friend;  
Ten Groats for finding him is the Reward,  
Which sum, some People say, is too too hard  
If so, to make an End of all Contest,  
And which same Motion most approve of best;  
'Tis sign'd and sealed by all honest Men,  
They'll double the sum, if he's never found again.